

PS 3515
.035 I5
1913
Copy 1



THE TOWER
CHURCH

CHURCH

HOLY HILL CHURCH



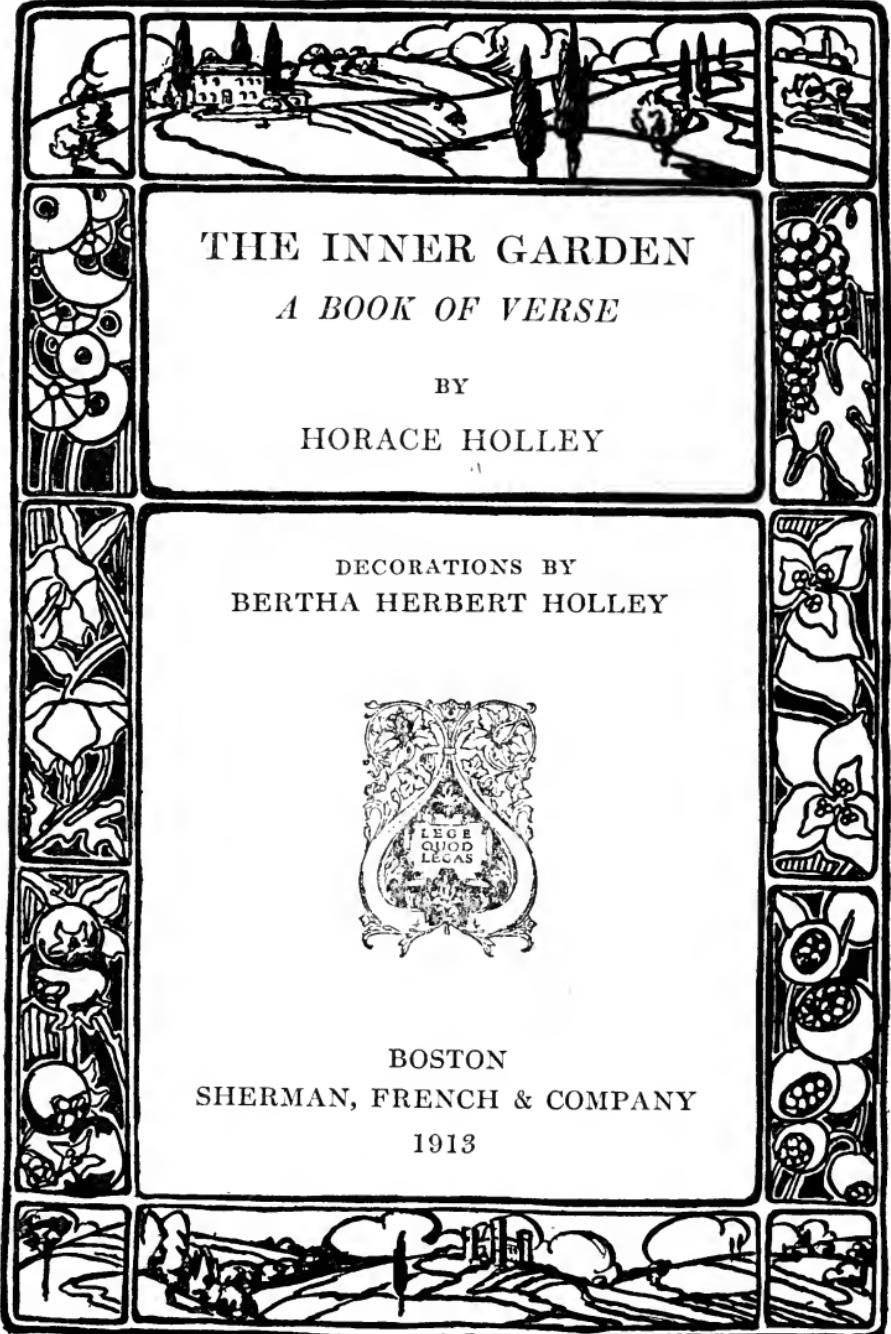


Class P535

Book A35-3

Copyright No. 1913

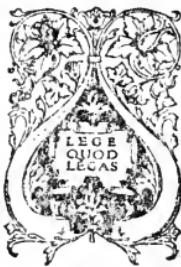
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



THE INNER GARDEN
A BOOK OF VERSE

BY
HORACE HOLLEY

DECORATIONS BY
BERTHA HERBERT HOLLEY



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1913

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
COPYRIGHT, 1913

8/150
© CLA 354406

2601

TO

BERTHA HERBERT HOLLEY

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For permission to use copyrighted poems in this volume, acknowledgments are due Century Company, New York City; New Coffee Club, Williamstown, Massachusetts; Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, New Jersey; Julian Park, Esquire; *Rhythm*, London; the *Freewoman*, London; and the *Manchester Playgoer*, Manchester, England.



CONTENTS

PART I

	PAGE
PROPHECY	1
INVOCATION	2
TO THE GOD OF NATURE	3
TOUCHSTONE	4
EVOCATIVE	6
THE CRY	7
"STILL MUST THE SUMMER HOPE"	8
THE LEAVES	10
DECEMBER	12
A LANDSCAPE IN NEW ENGLAND	14
THE STORM	16
THE THREE BIRDS	18
IN ITALY	27
THE INVITATION	28
THE INNER GARDEN	29
SUNSET ON ARNO	32
HOLIDAY	34
PRIMAVERA	35

CONTENTS

PART II

	PAGE
PRIDE o' YOUTH	39
AD MUNDUM	40
CIRCE	41
OUTCASTS	42
"OH! WHAT AM I?"	43
To A FRIEND	44
MUSIC	45
"THE PROUDEST SOUL"	46
VALEDICTORY	47
POET	48
To W. A. G.	50
SONG FOR COMRADES	51
To A FRIEND IN ABSENCE	52
ON A DAY OF SAD OMEN	53
To THE UNKNOWN FRIEND	54
INNOCENCE	55
LOVE	56
THE FALLEN	58
"FORGET THE GRAVES OF HEROES"	59
THE LOVELESS	60
VALE	61
ON THE OCCASION OF A BIRTHDAY	62

PART III

THE IMMIGRANTS	65
AMERICA	66
THE SPANISH WAR SOLDIER	67

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A HARPER ON THE CAMPUS	68
ON THE RETIREMENT OF DOCTOR HEWITT AND PROFESSOR SPRING	69
CHATTERTON IN ELYSIUM	70
To A YOUNG GIRL	75
BEAUTY	76
MINIATURES	77
INVOCATION	80
CASHMERE LADY	81
To HERTHA	82
THE MIRROR	83
THE SICK CHILD	84
THE WIFE	85
THE LOST EPIC	86
THE LITTLE WORLD	87

PART IV

TO THE UNKNOWN GOD	91
INDICTMENT OF TIME	92
PIGRAM: INSOMNIA	93
THE RESIGNED	94
GOD-IN-MAN	95
LUCIFER	96
THE STRICKEN KING	97
CHRISTI AMOR	99
"AS WHEN FROM OUT A HOME"	100
MEMORABILIA	101

CONTENTS

	PAGE
WAR AND PEACE	102
TIGER	104
THE BEGINNING OF LAUGHTER	105
THE POET	110
THE HYPOCRITE	111
IDOLATOR	112
CRISIS	113
MASTER	114
PROMETHEAN	115
PILGRIMS	116
FREE CAPTAINS	117
THE EMPTY BOWL	119
THE MATERIALISTIC SCIENTIST	122
IMMORTAL	123
EPIGRAM	124
ORTHODOXY	125
ELEGY	126
THE RETURN OF RELIGION	130

PART I





The Inner Garden

PROPHECY



ALL verse, all music, artistry
Of cunning hand and feeling heart;
All loveliness, whate'er it be,
Shows but a hint and broken part

Of that vast beauty and delight
Which man will know when he is free,
When in his soul the alien night
Folds up like darkness from the sea.

For ev'n in song man still reveals
His ancient fear, a mournful knell,
Like one who dreams of home, but feels
The bonds of an old prison cell.

INVOCATION



WAKE in me, O Spring, the passion
 gay
That stirs delight in every sullen
 clod;
That steeds the mind to ride the Milky Way
And makes the heart a Bethlehem of God.

TO THE GOD OF NATURE



HEALING God, upon my throat
Let cool and joyous breezes blow
That bear the lone, contented note
Of meadow rivers wimpling low;

And prayers from the solemn trees
That o'er the night their anthems roll
To hearts like mine, to fears like these,
From earth's unconquerable soul.

Let pleating rains make me demure
In silent growth and healthy powers
Like forest children, boldly pure,—
Like sober, self-sufficient flowers.

For I would be as they, and dwell
True son of nature, strong yet mild,
Touched with her universal spell,
Her chosen priest, obedient child.

TOUCHSTONE



H! give to him a forest place
Made lustrous with triumphant
spring
And mellowed by the sober grace
Of autumn's pageant perishing;

Oh give to him an ancient tree
By gossip wind and stream begirt,
Whose druid speech, whose silence, free
Too conscious spirits from their hurt;

Give solitudes of noble days
That still unspoiled by sullen woe,
Before his mild, prophetic gaze
Like epic chiefs in glory go,—

These give. His nature does implore
As other men their daily bread,
For surely from our common store
Such lives on beauty can be fed.

Oh surely they can dwell apart
From fiery pit, from blinding steam,
To cherish with a faithful heart
Our lost felicities of dream;

Who, grateful for the gifts of men
Shall render dearer gifts than those,
Recovering from the earth again
Shy gods of rapture and repose.

EVOCATIVE



H see! o'er yonder hill afar,
Steeped in serenest June,
The plaintive wonder that's a star,
The magic that's the moon;

Which throng the corners of the night
With people of dead years,
Now glistening with their shy delight,
Now hidden by their tears.

We shall not die. Our passion brings
One wistful love the more,
Heaps magic on these stedfast things,
Adds wonder to their store.

THE CRY



E'R hoary night a cry is heard,—
O'er hoary night, more dark than
old,—

A cry that doth earth's passion
hold:

The anguish of a lonely bird;

A sudden, thin, affrighting cry,
The wail of some too-fearful soul
Which writhing in her hopeless dole
Sobs o'er the night against the sky;

A cry that risen lingers still,
Its single pulse including life.
It cleaves the darkness like a knife,
It cleaves the spirit like a chill.

It wavers hollow, ringing far
High o'er the blanket of the night,
To mingle with celestial light
And greet the ruin of a star.

“STILL MUST THE SUMMER HOPE”



HE summer comes upon her time of cold,

Yet in some sunny corner of the world,—

A wall that drinks the south, or stilly wold,—
Flaunts in her hair a crimson rose uncurled.

She tricks her faded wardrobe with a flower
Of later blooming, hidden from the sun;
With fallen leaves makes shift to mend her bower

And sings when her dear labor all is done.

Yet doth the wind discover her in sleep,—
The wind that driveth doom to woodland ways:
Her bosom shivers and her closed eyes weep,
Her white hands grope i' the leaves and hide her face.

All night her sleep is haunted by a dream
Of thieves that steal the flower from her hair.
The red dawn wakes her with its glaring
gleam,—

When feeling quick, her blossom is not there!

Then hand on heart that bursting it not break,
She sees one petal ashen in the mold,
And crouches low and presses it to cheek:
Still must the summer hope against the cold.

THE LEAVES



HOPPITY skip! the leaves are free,
Down the lane of the world they go
Farther and farther in wreathy
blow.

Hoppity skip! but wait for me!

Truant all, that left the tree,
Heartless all, that left him so.
Down the lane of the world you go
Hoppity skip! but wait for me!

Whirling and curling o'er lane and lea,
Hoppity skip! in a huddled row
Racing all day the winds that blow,
Free at last! but wait for me!

Over and over, mad with glee,
Drunk in November's tawny glow,
On to the edge where light is low—
Hoppity skip! but wait for me!

Elfin leaves, O wait for me!
Together before the wind we go.
The winds of the year behind us blow
Hoppity skip! untethered, free!

On up the titled world go we,
Over the edge in the sun's last glow,—
Over and down,—and Night below:
“Take us at last, the leaves and me!”

DECEMBER



ARTH and man are now December's ;
hill to valley yields the light
Of the sun's pathetic embers
dropped from his remoter
flight.

Who foresaw the magic changes winter flings
on lake and wood?—

Grander rise the mountain ranges, deeper
throbs the forest mood,

Trees stand still with inward passion, waters
pause and hold their breath

In a blind, prophetic fashion caught by
dreamy sleep not death.

Nature's central spirit trembles in an agony
of rapture

Which her spring-pomp mild resembles but may
never wholly capture.

Nay! nor birdsong nor bright blossom nor the
mad delight of horses

Half reveal what through her bosom in the mat-
ing season courses

When in secret caverns mingle heaven-sire and
nature-mother

And the far-most planets tingle with the love
of each for other.

Hence from every dim horizon creeps a thick
and early eve,—
'Tis the earth's attempt to prison heaven's god
ere he can leave;
Hence the winter-dream of mortals, melancholy
while elate,
Baffled just outside the portals of the moated
house of fate;
Hence the gleam of wistful magic on the turn-
ing of the days,
Hence the courage more than tragic of our
sympathetic gaze.

A LANDSCAPE IN NEW ENGLAND



THE sudden lights of sunset fall.
I tire, and pausing turn to lean
Upon a weather-dampened wall
That bounds, like sleep, the dreamy
scene.

Before me, worn, a pasture lies
And careless, truant breezes blow
Puffing, from gusty April skies
The feeble grasses as they go.

A swollen brook, half-underground,
Its hidden voice now clear, now still,
O'erflows the world with droning sound
Like elfin throats beneath the hill.

To bearded hills the pasture runs
And orchard-slopes of twisted trees,
That warmed in vain by modern suns,
Huddle in patient agonies.

I see a pillar, ashen-gray,
Fallen upon the hillside lone . . .
And yearn, as though my father lay
Beneath that unremembered stone.

The mossy wall has chilled my hand,
A fresh wind drives the clouds to foam;
The day's dim embers light the land
And light a house no more a home.

The roof-tree sags, the gables flare,
A locked door trembles to the wind;
The broken windows darkly stare
Like empty sockets of the blind.

But more than blind, old house, alas,
No inward being warms your breast
And never foot those chambers pass
Save Time's, the last, the saddest guest.

Ah, more than weak and blind and dark
Like hearts in failure and disgrace,
You, full of death and ruin, mark
A sadder grave, that hold a race.

Beneath the gradual stars I wait,
A watchman stationed in a dream.
My thoughts, like prophets moved by fate,
Lament destruction, then redeem.

“O God!” within my heart I cry;
“Man fails, the lands their harvest cease,—
No lonelier hill implores the sky,—
Yet here is beauty, here is peace.”

Here, from our broken human mold
An austere spirit floats abroad
And decks with reverent faith this old
Forgotten breathing-place of God.

THE STORM



ow wild the night! How wild the
will!

The sullen skies contract to black
And all the cope of heav'n is shrill
With hurricane and thunder-wrack,

And o'er the scared and cowering lands
The reckless armies of the blast
Fulfill ten thousand mad commands
Before they sheathe the blade at last.

They shatter old, patrician trees,
They stem the torrent in its bed,
They plow the barren, tumbled seas
And plant them with the pallid dead;

They gather o'er our city streets
Where men are huddled close in pain
And loose, from hidden, far retreats,
The lightning and the driven rain.

They shake the ancient towers of kings,
They pause to snatch a diadem,
They rouse the anarchy of things—
Only the prisoner smiles at them!

With wilder threats, with madder boast
They seize the underworld's allies
And marshalling its fiery host
Attack the fortress of the skies.

In vain! In vain! The gods awake,
Girding themselves in mild alarm,
And soon the sun's bright chariots break
The jealous league of night and storm.

How fair the dawn, how calm the will!
The soul looks out upon the day;
His pure and earnest passions thrill
In sudden gladness to obey.

THE THREE BIRDS



o gloomy-dull the ancient wood,
The trees so close, so darkly stood
That sight nor hearing could de-
clare

If sunlight ever entered there.
It seemed as nature, long ago,
Had drunk some goblet mixed in woe
And while elsewhere the world spun round
Here time and effort lay aswound.
In hidden caves and hollow trees
The gaping brutes forebore to seize
The rabbit, deer, or other prey
Which, weary, had not run away.
The very brooks did dream along
Like verses in a shepherd's song
And had no will or heed to go
Save always round, and round, and slow;
But in their thick, distorted glass
No bright and lovely shapes could pass,
For in that ancient twilight-place
The fairest vision lost its grace
In vain repose and empty sleep.
'Twas merely slumber laid too deep
And merely darkness fall'n too long
That made of trees a wizard-throng,
And in the branches overhead
Put bats and owls, a wingèd dread,

And twisted every barren root
To catch, like dead hands, at the foot,
And pulled the leaves to cling and drag
And hold the night in, like a bag,
And made the forest sanctity
A portent and fatality.

A little bird there was, all white,
Oppressed to silence by the night,
That restless flew from limb to limb.
An ancient wonder leapt in him,
Some longing native to his heart
That stretched his milky wings apart
And seldom let him droop his bill
In heedless slumber, dull and still.
While shadow held that wood in pawn
And blotted even, noon and dawn,
Within his breast, close-folded, lay
The joy of sweet, recurrent day;
For gladder customs moved in him
And nature's spell could only dim
The world's delight and lustihood
In one not born within the wood.
Yet thickly hung the dismal spell!
How many times (I could not tell)
The bird in blind bewilderment
About his leafy prison went;
But flew he low or flew he high
The cavy forest shed the sky

And all the beating of his wings
Could not surmount those fragile things.
(Water's more strong, by wizardry,
Than man's determined masonry.)

A pine, nathless, whose agèd growth
A little topped the common sloth,
Upraised a stern, compelling crown
Above the twilight, sifting down
(Like laughter early scared away),
A timid, truant rill of day.

But what's too small for chance to use?
Enchantment falls by its abuse,
And darkness rolled from blackest night
Spreads finest background for a light;
So hither, hither, hither flew
The bird at last and instant knew
The sun himself, the kindly sun
Was laboring in that flicker dun,
Then to the highest twig-point sped
And poised to sing with tilted head.
Through lucent windows of the dawn
The sun was painting brook and lawn,
And like a sea-wet pearl, there stirred
Soft glimmering colors on the bird.
He sang a little, joyous hymn
Of trilling echo, bland and dim,
That might, by its pure spirit, seem
The measure of a fairy's dream,
Or serve to waken, without dread,
A baby smiling in his bed.

For days as many as you'd find
Of terrors in a coward's mind,
Of sorrows in a prisoner's heart,
No joyous song had any part
Within that crushed and cabined place.
The hymn he sang, by beauty's grace,
(That hymn of glad, recovered things),
Daring the wood's dumb wanderings,
Bore plaintive summons to arise
And join in worship of the skies.
But all the fury ears were closed,
Nature still in the forest dozed
And even echo sobbed and died;
But like a love-song to a bride
She hears while others heed it not,
The hymn, low-throbbing through each spot,
Struck quick excitement in one bird
And passed the snoring beasts unheard,
Though here and there a paw upraised
And eyes a moment stared, unglazed.
Now higher wheeled the healthy sun,
For earth elsewhere was day begun
When like a lover to his mate
This bird flew to the other straight
And perched him on the pine-tree high.
He shone as blue as burnished sky,
And 'twas a rare, a pleasant sight,
The azure bird, the bird so white.
Kindled in that religious blue
Ev'n daylight burned more rich, more new,

Some strange and august visiting.
A prouder song had he to sing,—
The second bird,—of deeper note
And sped abroad from fuller throat,
As when a conscious, vital power
Leaps eager into use. An hour
Though brimmed with swift cascades of song,
For ecstasy gave none too long
Nor drained his effortless, deep mirth.
But lo, within the forest-girth,
Through all that lonely isle of night
Our joyous world of change and light
Flowed murmuring in; the ancient spell
Like smoke rose heavily from the dell,
Rose heavily close-packed gloom and dread.
The huddling isolation fled,
And as a sleeper opes his eye
That wold unlidded to the sky.
The trees exalted then their brows
And all unlocked their tangled boughs,
The runnel-brooks precipitously
Churned forward to the stalwart sea,
The caverned bears for hunger roared,
Squirrels their autumn-wealth unstored
And rabbits, quickened from old trance,
Over the greensward leapt in dance,
The active spirit of the wood
Stirring in April lustihood.
Yet as a dreamer waked doth see
The forms of lingering fantasy

And on the world awhile will brood
To tally it with inner mood,
So the sweet dawn of that delight
Took fever from the lapsèd night
And day and time seemed all too slow
Till each must in his prison go
And reassume the dreary spell.

Now the brisk bird to silence fell ;
His song had driven gloom away
But could not tie the ebbing day ;
The natural twilight of the eve
Made all the woodland droop and grieve,
And solemn silence fell on all
As if the place again were thrall
To endless night ; yet sudden,—lo
On mighty wing aloft did go
As lordly bird as e'er was seen !
His beak shone white, but mellow green
His body and his rapid wings
(The color of enduring things).
No silence now, nor sluggish sleep
This kingly bird could prisoned keep
When once, from his low nesting-place
He saw day fade from heaven's face.
'Twas light, more light he sought, and light
He dragged from the set teeth of night
Where high the furrowed clouds among
The sunset's golden flowers upsprung.

So brimmed with light as bowls with wine
He faced the setting sun, divine,
Then like a free, unlaboring breeze
Dropped flight among the dusky trees.
Still, still the pine upraised his head
But now, but now in rueful dread
And expectation spended quite,
The azure bird, the bird of white
Huddled in silence. What's so still
As throats that once a song did fill?
But hark! O forest, sleep not yet!
Too soon you grieve, too soon forget,
And liken evening's natural dark
To hateful magic.—Forest, hark!
To the hushed wood the green bird sang,
And like a victor's bugle rang
Redoubled echo near and far.
It might have risen to a star
And pierc'd the young moon's empty mask
Flouting the world's unfinished task,
Or dipping in the roaring sea
Have learned its audibility;
But whatsoe'er its journey's end,
(Or where the seas or skies extend),
The song, vibrating through the dell,
O'erawed and banned the ancient spell!

As custom to his wont must keep,
Came night and drowned the wood in sleep,

But slumber, settling o'er the trees,
Showed no more dreary fantasies
And in the brooklet's dimpled glass
Henceforth but lovely shapes could pass—
Ev'n winter, yellowing the leaf,
Told no irremediable grief—
For now, i' the forest's sunlit bound
The world of time and change spun round
And 'tis enchantment's utter bane
When the world's seasons roll again.

All this the singing birds had done
Who found, and heralded, the sun.
• • • • •

If in your spirit's hid expanse,
O if (as I) you knew the trance
Which like enchantment o'er a wood
Prisons the soul in twilight mood;
And bows, like darkly-huddled trees,
The proud, exultant ecstasies;
And roils the passions' silver glass,
Dwarfing the pleasures as they pass;
And drugs the thoughts in stupor deep
Like the wood-folk in dreary sleep,
(As if the spirit long ago
Had drunk some goblet mixed in woe),—
Then *happy, happy*, if (as I),
You put such mournful magic by

And raise at last the painful spell
By Hope's, Love's, Faith's sweet miracle!
These are the soul's three singing birds:
This, all the meaning of my words.

IN ITALY



BEGGAR slept among the weeds
And Hertha said to me:
“God loves the tare, if anywhere,
In Italy.”

THE INVITATION



WEET, 'tis morning! come, arise,
Dawn unpetals in the skies;
To the garden quickly go.
See, the cosmos to and fro
Nodding to the friendly East.
I have honey for a feast,
Milk and bread, with yellow wine
From the bland Italian vine.
Here, where nature riots, we
Rightly dare such revelry
As shall stir a garden-mood
In our sympathetic blood.
Hasten, sweet! the heavens turn
To their dark, funereal urn,
Let us greet the rapid hour
'Neath the shedding of a flower,
And, like bees, take riches hence
For our winter's indigence.

THE INNER GARDEN

TO L. H. B.



It is enough to feel
The farthest, faintest beat
Of life's invigorating heart;
Oh sweet, sweet

To seize on things, as all may, by the five senses,
Create an inward world lovelier, more real
Than this cold counterpart
Of plumbless, void immenses.

It is enough, and leaves no more to ask
Creator or Destroyer, Maker, Changer
For in itself it gives a godlike task.

The wind blows, the sea rises in storm;
People pass and repass, the loved, the stranger
Each with his landscape about him, his mood,
His virtue to help or harm.

The cloud
From its own moment's personality,
Its share in our whole fellowhood—
Listen! it cries a secret aloud!

Thus attentive, not otherwise, we learn
The use of things we touch and hear and see,
Their places in our inward garden-dream
Enduring each, evocative, complete.
Thus, though the cloud-form turn

Into the blue again
And every brotherhood and scheme
Of sympathetic men
Scatter, destroyed, undone;
Something, if only a faith, remains
Added to the world's store
That never was before,
Worthy, significant and sweet.

Oh, 'tis enough for one
To hail within himself the faintest beat
Of that warm, central heart!
Who reckons life by passing joys and pains?
These are but scales that jealousy and spite
Hold to each other's emptiness of life;
They own no part
In man's innate capacity and might,
Living for life itself, whether 'tis peace or
strife,
Glad only, glad always for living!

While we are still whole-souled and glad
For that small nature we had
And fling no curse on others' ampler giving.
The powers, the gods can never quite forget
We wait obedient yet,—
Never they dare withhold
Their fees of purple and gold.
Nay, while we wait
Our lives are senses needful to the world:

Eyes which if darkened could not be
God's witness to some modern mystery;
Ears which too-closely furled,
Voices too-early still,
Could never listen His prophetic will
Or cry abroad His fate.

SUNSET ON ARNO



THE sun has gathered o'er his face
 A veil of amber mist
And to his evening resting-place
 Leans slowly, having kissed
Each snowy summit set with grace
 In bays of amethyst.

Slow twilight and calm river met
 Like music in the eyes,
For each exultant glance beget
 A moment's paradise
Where beauty's Eden lingers, yet
 Unbanished to the skies.

A changed world pleads for worship while
 These mystic colors pass
That from ecstatic heavens file
 Like officers of mass,
The Arno a cathedral aisle
 Lit by memorial glass.

All common things of sky and earth
 Seem moving to a rhyme
As if the sense took finer worth
 From vision more sublime;
The soul recalls a holy birth
 In other place or time.

From what far, secret mountain-stream
These solemn waters flow;
What springs of disavowed esteem
Their deep enchantment throw,—
Oh from what source of ancient dream
And vales of long ago?

Proud stream, with tribute beauty lined,
Palace and cypress trees,
Triumphant down thy current wind
The past's rich argosies;
Such craft as bear a willing mind
Out to infinite seas.

HOLIDAY



AKE dulling sleep away
Too-anxious gods of labor!
We laugh to scorn your gifts of
calm repose.

Bring rarer gifts than those,—
The garland and the tabor;
Meadow and grove are bright with holiday!

Oh raise the wreathèd pole
In ancient, pagan fashion;
Summon the piper and the fiddler round
To voice with ardent sound
Our deepest, dumbest passion,
Silent too long in our devoted soul.

What though our bodies bow
Or earthward droop our glances?
These are but servants to our hearts' desire,
Which catching secret fire
From songs and May-day dances,
The laggard limbs with eager grace endow.

Yea, every joy you give,
Each soul-intoxication,
Turns back the gathering tide of doubts and
fears,
Restores our jubilant years
As by divine creation,
And frees the rhythmic powers by which we live.

PRIMAVERA



HE bud whose joyous odor first
Fills April winds with wine,
As long in nature's heart 'twas
nursed
'Twas longer nursed in mine.

To every passion of the earth
And glamour of the spring
I give a spiritual birth
Transmuting everything.

The blush upon that rose demure,
Yon ripple o'er the sea,
This proudly warbling robin, sure
Are all but parts of me!

The rapture like a warming fire
That makes the year divine,
Could only burn from love's desire—
Could only burn from mine.

Though nature show her ancient bill,
Boast loves of other years,
She brought no spring to me, until
I watered it with tears.

My heart has paid its winter, now
My heart acclaims its spring,
And life is like a barren bough
Where sudden blossoms cling.

Through winter-ways of grievous thought,
Up darkened paths of doubt,
My own, my rightful love I sought—
At last I found her out!

In drear indifference she passed
Like spring to prisoned men.
I never cared; I care at last:
She will not pass again.

The tender beauty of her face
I molded from despair;
My sorrow crowned her inward grace,
My faith made her so fair.

As from a shining, golden bowl
Men turn the eager wine,
I poured the nectar of her soul
From this pure hope of mine.

From thence the spring and she arise,
Glad pilgrims of the earth,
Who vainly ask among the skies
The secret of their birth.

Roll on, inexorable year!
Take spring, take love from me;
The heart that finds fulfillment here
Requires eternity.

PART II



PRIDE O' YOUTH



PRAY thee, Lord, when thou hast
mind to take me,
Bear me on swiftly through the
toothless days.

Let howsoe'er destruction seize and break me
If but no blindness trip me and amaze.

Let me not grope for Death, nor asking,
mumble

In my wet beard the words that fiercer came;
Crush as thou wilt, and as thou must, me
humble—

But Lord, I pray, let no one see my shame!

AD MUNDUM



'ERAWE me not with marshalling of numbers,
Thy thousands perished woeful as I deem,
Who lived their lives like dreams of one who slumbers,—
Then shall I add more failure to their dream?

But I would live! would live! and so not be
A godlike force in witless motion spent,
An idle ripple on a barren sea
Or shadow flung across the firmament.

CIRCE



CIRCE-WORLD," I cried, "who dost
beguile
Youth to its ruin, age to dumb
despair,

Dressing with fresh deceit each mortal mile
To coil our souls in thy delusive snare;
Discovered wanton, lovely though thou be
Thy lust shall never spoil my healthy years
While I, forewarnèd life, can labor free,
Untainted of the world's degrading tears."
But now, alas, the world on every side
And time's scarred reign confirmed upon my
heart,
The closer, sadder truth disarms my pride—
This same world's I and I of it am part.
"Poor Circe-world," I moan, "whose siren
bane
Ourselves do mix, do proffer and . . . do
drain!"

OUTCASTS



E of the world who shuffle to our
doom,
Who dull with basest lead the gold
of time,
Despoiling where we may the tender bloom
Of all unworldly souls that rise sublime;
Still scorning wisdom nobler than our use
And scourging pity bent on our despair,
Fouling earth's seldom beauty by abuse,
In rage at strength more strong, at fair more
fair;
We suffer pain with them we hate and slay
And more than they, as we their death survive.
Weep not for them so glorious in decay,—
Weep thou for us, inglorious and alive:
Stricken ourselves in their destruction, till
To us that Life appear we may not kill."

“OH! WHAT AM I?”



H, what am I that the cold wind af-
frays,
Oh, what am I the ocean could con-
found,
A fort so open to the rebel days,
To nature's mutiny and human wound?
Oh, what am I so weak against the world,
Yea, weaker in my heart that should be strong;
On whom this double warfare is unfurled,
Of outer violence first, then inward wrong?
I am a fair, a fleeting glimpse of God
One moment visible in mortal state,
A bit of heaven caught i' the prison-clod,
That I nor nature's self may violate;
Ev'n like a jewel fallen from a crown
That's royal still, though fingered by a
clown.

TO A FRIEND



To me, dear friend, be better than the best,
Be not so wise to taste before you eat:

True love is in its own sweet palate blest,—
To love alone, could such as I be sweet.
No, do not as the world which hating hate
And branding scorn on every sensual brow,
Keeps them, like slaves, in fixt, unbettered state
Who born to chains will die as they are now;
But rather love when I have least desert,
When I am stupid bid me sweetly stay,
Smile on me tenderest when I cause you hurt
And praise me most in my most barren day.

So shall you be as God, whose grace divine
Flings keys of heav'n to this poor world
of mine.

MUSIC



HERE are some who learn apart
Music's high, mysterious art;
There are some, of whom am I,
Minded in simplicity,
That do feel a rapt heart-beat
For the singer in the street;
Whom a beggar's violin
Seizeth by the soul within.

“THE PROUDEST SOUL”



HE proudest soul that ever dared
aspire,
Though stuffed with all the chosen
fruits of power,
Must learn the barren, melancholy hour
When spirits fail and aspirations tire.
No man unto himself is wholly sire;
His mind is subject to the world's debate.
So many voices urging, soon and late,
Perplex the vision like a smoky fire.
But ever faster, old age comes apace,
At last by memory we stand accused.
Our little share of godliness misused
We seek the dread oblivion of the race.
O Father, come with passion and with grace,
That so in me Thyself be not abused!

VALEDICTORY



WILE other youth went joyous to the
chase
And gathered trophies, laurel for
the brow
And praise from men and maidens fair enow
Who smile upon the victors of the race;
I bided prizeless in this silent place
Companioned by the presence of the dead,
Dreamed of invisible garlands for my head
And approbation on a ghostly face.
Call it not pride or self-consuming scorn,—
I never curled the lip at other men:
I reverence all as brothers,—yet for me
There is a brotherhood, a sanctity
In Truth and Beauty that turns my feet again
To solitude, though lonely and forlorn.

POET



OU are but one man only; I, many
as I would be.
I am heir to all existence,—to
every lover's joy,
The wisdom of old men, the lonely singer's min-
strelsy,
The bannered ranks of heroes that give battle
and destroy.

Oh, you are but one man only; how many,
many I
Who seize the lives I would live as fish are taken
from streams
And live them through till I weary, kings or
saints in the sky,
Then throw them away like masks and turn me
to fresher dreams.

Whoever has lived I can be; I show to time
again
The spirit, if not the form, of them he has slain
of yore.
Nature, if ever were lost the mold and pattern
of men,
Could break my life into fragments and all her
line restore.

You are but one man only; how many, many
am I!

The world is hung like a stage I gaze on within
my breast.

So many lives I may live?—so many deaths I
must die,

So often yearn for heaven, so long be denied
my rest.

TO W. A. G.



ow many days of love have slipped
away,
Pearls from a necklace falling in
the sea,
That trail their lucent course to caverns gray
And lie through time unstrung for you and me!

Let not one spring, O friend, break overhead
Her cloudy gourd of rain and sun and bloom,
And we not trip like April from our dead,
Who spurns, with dancing feet, her broken
tomb.

SONG FOR COMRADES



H! let us feed our hungry hearts
And let the world's need go,
No man whose own desire departs
Can mend another's woe.

For what's the world but one great heart
Divided in all men?
If each with love contents his part,
How gay the whole world then!

TO A FRIEND IN ABSENCE

TO J. P.



UR lives will meet, if they meet at all,
Where low winds blow and the dead
leaves fall,
The old year, bent o'er the foun-
tain-brim,
Asleep in an autumn interim.

ON A DAY OF SAD OMEN

 Y thoughts are barks the wind has
blown
On desolate, unhappy seas
Which men in dread have left alone
For slow, unholmèd craft like these.

Uncargoed of earth's labored plan,
Its endless and consuming strife,
They rest, unknown to mortal man,
On old, forgotten wastes of life.

In tideless waste between the lands
Incessant breezes lay the foam
And overcast, with pallid hands,
The ancient tracks that pointed home.

TO THE UNKNOWN FRIEND



lost in sorrow, never dare
Pray for more and sterner
power
That unbroken you can bear
Secret pang from hour to hour;

But with holy passion, pray
Heav'n your courage will deny,
Send you weakness to betray
One unbosoming, full cry!

Mountain rock be fixed and cold
And unfathomed lie the wave;
Heart of mortal should not hold
Corpse within it, like the grave.

INNOCENCE



SINKING, midnight moon doth
burn

Above the cloudy, somber
pines,

When from my window-ledge I turn
To write these casual lines.

I weary, looking on the sky ;
I sadden, dreaming of the world,—
No star but points in enmity
The pit where I am hurled.

In time and space, where'er it seeks,
My thought unbars no tranquil room,
For beauty, once so gentle, speaks
A judgment and a doom.

Yet on my hot, averted face
Like friendly, pleading hands I find
A calm, a reassuring grace
From passive depths of mind.

The hopeless thief on Calvary,
Meeting the Saviour's conscious eyes
Might know an inward sanctity
The common world denies.

LOVE



E do wrong to seek content
And a changeless, snug re-
pose;
'Twas for mortal never
meant:

While the spirit lives, it grows.

When you seem no longer strange
If I say *my love, my own,*
In that moment you do change
And I stand afar, alone.

Let us weave no golden tie!
We must come and we must go
Like the wingèd winds on high
And the sea's unlaborèd flow.

There is peril in our love!
You and I, no witless flower,
To our consummation move
In an idle summer hour,—

Love's a bridge across the deep
Where the tempests maddened roll
And the tameless demons leap
Lusting for the risen soul.

'Tis the truce of hate and wrong
Which the moments must renew,
Which by courage we prolong
And destroying, render true.

There is peril in our love!
Like the island wizard's elf,
Power of spirit it must prove
O'er the Calibans of self.

Fling thy banners high, Romance,
Sound thy trumpets loud and gay
For the triumph we advance,
For the peril kept at bay.

THE FALLEN



HOUGH he is fallen, give him
praise
More than to hosts of them
who win,
Who lived no fear-tormented days
Nor nights that were a war with sin.
Ah, think! he was not good or brave
Yet tired at last, without a cry
He sang his song and dug his grave
And laid him down, alone, to die!

“FORGET THE GRAVES OF HEROES”



FORGET the graves of heroes and no
more laurel give,
Or raise ten thousand more which
every day renew;
So many lives are lived by those too sick to live,
So many deeds are done by those too weak to do.

THE LOVELESS



E not despise, who when the jocund
Spring
With lusty passion brims the eager
clod ;
Me not despise, who lone-forgotten thing,
Hold up an empty goblet to the God.

VALE



Y joy returns. Farewell! I go
Thrilling to my own sphere of
light.
Weep not, nor stay in starry
flight
The arrow from Apollo's bow.

ON THE OCCASION OF A BIRTHDAY



PRAY Thee, Lord, for some great
task to do
Full worth the years I wait be-
neath the sky;

Like Solomon, who reared Thy temple high,
Or Milton, who did the Muse of Sinai sue.
Ev'n this the prayer that I most oft renew
Urged on by eager thoughts that in me cry,
Blind voices, craving freedom lest they die,
At best their years of animation few.
O 'tis enough these bones shall turn to dust,
The clay pain hallowed in my mother's womb;
It is enough that earth keep them in tomb
And not that spirit which they hold in trust.
The living soul to highest labor must
Or lie with bones in unaspiring doom.

PART III



THE IMMIGRANTS

 PON my ear a deep, unbroken roar
Thunders and rolls, as when the
brooding sea
Too long asleep, pours out upon the
shore

Full half her cohorts, tramping audibly.
Yet here's no rushing of exasperate wind
Booming revolt amid a factious tide,
Nor lordly shock on reef in ambush blind
Of foaming waves that with a sob subside.
No! but more fateful than the restless deep
Whose crested hosts leap high to sink again,
I hear, in solemn and portentous sweep,
The slow, deliberate marshalling of men.

No monarch moves them, pawns, to win a
goal;
They felt life's fever rising in the soul.

AMERICA



OR this I know thy soul not yet has
broke
The teeming silence of her modern
sleep:

Whenas the storm has slipped his windy yoke,
Revolving on, encompassing the deep ;
Small gulfs at first and shallow inland seas
He hissing ruffles ; but Atlantic last,
Long-played upon, responds with harmonies
Prophetic-vague, sublime, and tragic-vast.
So thou, the lordliest instrument of time,
The last, supreme, gigantic master-pipe,
Wilt loose titanically thy solemn rhyme,
Atlantic thunder, when the hour is ripe.

Thus from the noble teaching of the sea
I arm my faith with valiant prophecy.

THE SPANISH WAR SOLDIER

Statue by Bela L. Pratt



Y such a youth, the bright, the epic
morn,
A flaming brand, is caught from
jealous skies ;
Earth leaps revived. See, potent in his eyes,
Grave modern Iliads eager to be born.

A HARPER ON THE CAMPUS



HE forms of loveliness the Argives
wot

Still with all men abide enduringly
As though our modern stupor could
not blot

From stifled hearts their passion utterly,
But sometimes to this day relents a jot
To stir old pride with desperate memory.

But soon, too soon, the hour of vision goes.
The booming measure sinks upon the din
Of lesser things as waters claim and close
Around all sunsets.—Gloomy shades begin
To stride upon a prostrate world, and woes
Of Night surround us, with the dread therein.

ON THE RETIREMENT OF DOCTOR HEWITT AND PROFESSOR SPRING

Williams College



Two scholars go, and our community
Is reft of beauty time may not re-
pair.

The portico her pillars ill doth
spare,

That fall by night beside the wine-dark sea.

CHATTERTON IN ELYSIUM



HE stricken past full many a haven
built
Beyond the sullen borders of de-
spair

Where eager fancy, free from human guilt,
Might roam in bliss. And 'twas a poet's care
To sing of happy field and island fair,
That when a weary world did covet rest
Such lovely vision, like an answered pray'r,
His wistful sorrow soothed. Oh, hearts were
blest,
That found so bright abode, low-lying in the
west.

Though Time, the master-mariner, whose sail
Hath whitened every port of sea and sky,
Now sad returned upon the droning gale
That old familiar vision would deny;
Yet dreams reveal the soul, they never die,
And mourned Elysium, fled beyond the pole,
Is raised anew in every human sigh,
For 'tis a region of the inward soul
Which Time shall not destroy, nor the sick
world control.

Oh boldly fashion, with religious power,
The bounty of Elysium; let there be
(Covert against th' inhospitable hour),
A brighter heav'n, a purer ecstasy!
Thus men achieve celestial liberty
Seeking the true Elysium where 'tis spread
Within the soul's remoter sanctity,
The glamour of a garden; habited
By nobly-joyous lives the world laments as
dead.

Thither as poets feign, a spirit fled,
An eager being broken by despair,
To seek that approbation of the dead
The living had denied his haughty prayer.
In grace he came and solemn beauty fair
That beamed through desolation as the Sun,
Deep-peering God, doth pierce the murky air
With unrepressive glance. It proved him one
The Muses richly dowered as they but few have
done.

Arrived before that portal of repose
The panting soul in sudden terror stood;
Not as a spy that slinketh from his foes,
But childlike; for a full ecstatic mood
O'erbrimmed his faculties in copious flood.
The hope and recognition, long-denied,

Now pained by sheer abundance. Low he
sighed,
Then dared that haughty place, a boy, yet old
in pride.

As when the poignant breath of spring doth
meet
All sleeping nature, and the startled trees
Bend with their grateful boughs as if to greet
The kindly Goddess; movings faint like these,
Auspicious mood of welcome, then did seize
The quiet of Elysium. Slowly came
Like white clouds gathered on the flowery leas
A shining host with lofty gift of fame,
Lured by the faint aroma of his delicate name.

To tell their blessed names were nothing slight
Though joyous matter for a winter's day,
So many generations gave them light
Since Time was born in gardens of Cathay.
Our kings and warriors grave, our poets they,
Whom we vouchsafe this jealous Paradise.
No lump and portion of the common clay
Doth there attain, but, temperate and wise,
Who show the God-in-man by patient sacrifice.

Foremost who from the tedious darkness drew
Most life into the light and use of men,
Shakespeare and Homer. Gravely sweet they
view

The pallor of the poet. "Welcome," then
They utter kindly word, and smile again
The echo, "Welcome."—"Woe to earth," they
say,
"That blotted from its use a poet's brain!
How many idle years will waste away
Ere spirit so inform the cold, uneager clay!"

Somewhat aloof, in dark austerity,
Dante and Milton gaze upon the boy.
Mayhap, a truant gust of memory
Hath blown upon their minds,—his naked joy
How strange and lovely!—Though the long
employ
Of God-enquiring thought had tempered cold
Their hearts' humanity, the fond alloy
Of sensuous love refined to fairest gold,
Yet now in gracious warmth his passion they
behold.

Others approach with murmurs of applause,
Fair gentle spirits all, but none so sweet
As lucid Virgil. Tenderly he draws
That lordly brow to lip. Thus fathers greet
A favorite son; but kin are these who meet
Across what gulf of dark, barbaric time!
"Lost many a ruder age, thou dost repeat
The magic of my verse in modern rhyme.
Once more I hear on earth that low, regretful
chime."

Their tenderness and kind fraternity
Knit close the desperate wounds of ancient woe.
As one new-born he smiles. How good to see
That soothèd pain must like a nightmare go
Or braggart rebel Love may overthrow!
Now bland among his peers he doth assume
Their blessed station, nevermore to know
A lonely poet's tragedy of doom,
Secure in earth's regard, so raisèd from the
tomb.

So rose the misty glamour of the dead,
A shining garment wrapt on every limb
As 'twere a cloak of cloud upon him spread
That doth his presence from the world bedim.
And he is one with god and seraphim,
With all the ghostly part of humankind
Whose dreams inspire, or beautiful or grim,
Our present labor,—lovingly resigned,
A radiant thought within the universal mind.

TO A YOUNG GIRL



HEN that I met thee on the country-side,
A maiden Juno in thy grace of form,—

The bosom broad and deep, the rounded arm,
The stature stately with a native pride,—
I deemed thy nature with its form allied;
That some aspiring love in thee did burn,
Ambrosial nectar meet for holy urn;
But found thy spirit sleeping or denied.
And now (thy presence lingers in my thought),
I breathe a prayer, that heaven send to thee
Some passion more than daily bread and water;
So that, though mortal-lived, thou grow to be
Olympian-souled, earth's consecrated daughter,
And wed or bear a hero, as thou ought.

BEAUTY



ER beauty lies upon her face
As sunlight masks the barren
sea,
A fitful, accidental grace
That time will ravage utterly.

Not like the beauty all divine
(The "House of God," a poet saith),
Which is the inward soul's design,
Its majesty supreme in death.

MINIATURES

I

MARGARET



If I dream upon thy face
And its beauty comes to me
'Tis the world's enchanted
place
Wheresoever I may be.

'Tis the world's enchanted place,
And the magic never dies
From the glory of thy face,
From the candor of thine eyes.

II

MIGNONNE

Few have I seen to bless as rich,
But thou hast wealth of hair and eyes,—
Such a beauty as in niche
Of ruined fane when moonlight dies;

And in them such a warmth as lies
All night above the misty plain,
When unto dawn the brooding skies
Hesitate 'twixt wind and rain.

III

HELEN

Thou art more perfect than night,
Sweet, in thy lover's sight.
Thy hair hath the tender shade
In which the world's peace is laid;
Thine eyes have the intimate glow
Of mellow moons gone low.
More perfect than dawn of the skies
The love that shines in thine eyes,
A sun that moves to his goal,—
The unfrequent dawn of a soul.

IV

MILDRED

Time, which gave thee beauty, made me wise,
In that I know thy beauty and thy worth;
And thought and suffering take from mine
eyes
Their wonted film of midnight and dull earth,
So now I see thee first without disguise:
A soul that hides its tenderness in mirth.

V

MARGUERITE

The deeper mood of France thou art;
That faith of hers that flames in mirth,

Her sense of beauty more than earth ;
God's vicar in the human heart.

In Ronsard young and Hugo old—
Their love and wisdom meeting now—
That deeper mood of France art thou ;
The beauty which is truth, best-told.

INVOCATION



Y love, too like a rose thou art
Whose beauty, odorous with
delight,
Hangs feebly now upon my
heart
To scatter soon, like fragile night.

My love, a queenly tigress be!
That when I quit thee in disdain
Thy wrath shall make thy spirit free
And fetter mine with stronger chain.

CASHMERE LADY



AVEN-DARK the lady's eyes,
The lady of the Persian stream.
Love, in oriental wise,
Shone and shimmered through her
dream.

A shawl about her brow did gleam,
Softly floating from her brow;
Unflushed her cheek and pallid now
But rich the shawl like mellow cream.

O'er her throat the linen lay,
Her arms were shaded by the shawl;
Thence it shivering fell away,
Misty-silent waterfall.
White lilies lapped the mossy wall
Offering fragrance at her feet;
A mating bulbul trebled sweet,
The lady wondering heard its call.

By her hand a crystal cup
Rested upon the river brink.
Ruddy liquor filled it up
Sweeter than a man may think.
The sleepy moonlight deep did sink,
Dulled the flame upon its tip.
Whose boat adown that stream will slip,
What prince that crimson goblet drink?

TO HERTHA



ssences of old love I bring
To make the new love sweet;
Oh many a wondrous, broken
thing
Makes love complete.

What memories that buried lay
In graveyard of the past,
Take resurrection from this day,
Divine at last.

What whispers on what summer eves,
What worship overthrown,
What faith a loveless man believes
No more his own;

What scattered, hopeless dreams arise
And reign within my heart.
The union of all prophesies,
My love, thou art!

THE MIRROR



WITHIN a wondrous glass,
A wondrous, magic mirror,
I gaze and see my features nobler
shown

Than I can dare to own,—
Oh nobler, fairer, dearer,
Which inward graces brighten as they pass.

How beautiful, how strange
To note so wondrous graces!
A queen might feel her sceptre cheaply sold
If she could thus behold
A glass wherein her face is
Beyond desire made fair by magic change.

Such mirrors no one buys,
But they may freely own them
Who rightly love, who gladly greet the time.
All these will have, sublime,
Their souls and features shown them,
Nobly renewed, within their children's eyes.

THE SICK CHILD



N hour ago,—one hour!—she seemed
as new and bright
As some first-opened bud upon the
lap of spring.

The wisdom of the world, reborn in her delight,
Arose in music, changed by this so joyous thing.

But now! I stand abashed in my inadequate
years,
Awed by the look of one wiser, older than I:
A god's long tribulation broods behind her tears
And nature's patient hurt is woven through her
cry.

THE WIFE



UN-SEEKER and heaven-changer,
Rise, rich in the power I give ;
Go, glad in the joy I bring.
What dream you, my love, of
danger ?

You must live as heroes live
And turn to new wandering,
Already, alas, a stranger !

“The wings of my amplest pleasure
Unfold for your boldest flight.
Your soul perceives in my eyes
Sky-spaces of spanless measure
And suns of a fadeless light.
Arise ! I need not arise,
Lying so close to my treasure.

“I stay, but follows my blessing
Unnamed but known to your soul
So strong to take and employ.
Another needs my caressing,
I seek for no distant goal ;
Like God, my task is my joy,—
Possessed, far more than possessing.”

THE LOST EPIC

 is lost, like stars that roll too high;
For he who tells his grief and
mirth
Had better write upon the common
earth

What, traced in constellations in the sky
Others too little heed,
Or if attracted by the sudden flame
And rumor of his name
They raise their glance to read,
It seems remote and dim, no human gain.
So having stared, they turn again
Gladly to nearer, slighter things
And praise, perhaps, a lesser bard who sings
Never so nobly, but more plain,
A man to men.

THE LITTLE WORLD



MUSE upon the ever-lessening world,
This scheme of love and thought
wherein I dwell,
And wonder,—once so mystical
and vast,

Now shrunk, as by my garden wall contained.

Where then, O where the cosmic dream of youth ;
O where the boast I flung about the stars,
About the lives of men ; O wherè the love,
A key to free so many prisoned lives ?

Gone, gone they say, the bubble with the breath
That blew its moment's luster in the sun ;
Gone, gone they cry ; of youth's colossal world
Remain a garden, half a dozen friends !

So let it be ! What though its bounds withdraw
Dream after dream, and hope retires to hope,
The multitudes for whom I once aspired
United in the child I now adore ?

What though the fruits within this garden
close
Consume the days and give my thoughts concern
With gossip of the season, wind and rain,
A little gossip by the mossy wall ?

Friends, family, labor, with a loyal hope
The world goes well, but not too anxious care;
This is the natural compass of a man,
A full heart loving best a little world.

The full heart loving best a little world,
O secret hidden from the heartless boy!—
And, as the soul develops, it lays down
Its dizzy frets of parliament and king.

PART IV



TO THE UNKNOWN GOD



H, doff the wrinkled mask you
wear,
This nature motley, worn and
old,—
Stand forth, in gaiety or despair,
Outside the dumb worlds we behold!

No more i' the silly seasons dwell
Grinning at time with satyr face,
Nor frown from the cold citadel
You raised amid the voids of space;

Else, tired of this unfriendly mask
Our lives avert its stranger-gaze
And turn them to a worthier task,
An inward world of works and days.

INDICTMENT OF TIME



O time I'll never turn a thankful face
Though, as thou sayest, he will
fetch a day
When every radiant joy and black
disgrace

Indifferent seem, like gardens in decay.
I look to him for nought but further woe:
His days ne'er muster for a past defeat,
But still intent on plunder as they go,
Ignoble captains! ever sound retreat.
In him no virtue vests save other days
Which still are thieves, though sorrow be their
theft;
No more to him let earth present her praise,
Poor Niobe, even of tears bereft.
Physician yes, but not a judge is time,
Who cures the stab but disregards the
crime.

EPIGRAM: INSOMNIA



HE silly years, like driven sheep
File blindly through the gates of
life.

We, tossed in dull or febrile strife,
Count one, two, three . . . and yawn asleep.

THE RESIGNED



oo blind you will not see the general
grief
Which voiceless you would hide from
other minds,
And never learn how nature craves relief
From one disease in men of many kinds.
Oh, fool, how many fools must time consume,
Grim wasted heroes, blindly dumb like thee,
Whose curtained spirits pent tremendous doom
On private stage the world shall never see!
You're like an actor, fool, who argues blame
Upon the author's warm and feeling pen
For every passion, garbling it with shame:
“Tears are for women, gravity for men.”
Dear fool, your heart shall tell if I am wrong,
Which is *your* Poet, silenced far too long.

GOD-IN-MAN



HEN I do see our human nature
stained
Like beauteous garments trailed
upon the ground,
In tenement and palace alike constrained
To ominous forms that do my soul confound;
At lust, at hate, at all the bestial shapes
Brutality or weakness may assume,—
Thrice-savage tigers, thrice-despoiling apes
Nuzzling the world to one degraded doom,—
Yet, at such monstrous fabric and design
I cannot lash my heart to righteous hate,
But murmur still, “Oh, piteous world of mine,
Such stuff as maketh Christs, whenever fate
In some unconscious and reluctant hour
Will let mankind disclose his native power!”

LUCIFER



HEN you perceive the world's prophetic soul
A prisoner grieving in the common mind,
His cloudy wings bereft of their control,
His arms downslack, his fiery vision blind;
Oh when you see him weep at women's eyes
Or hear his tender moan in children's breath,
His innocence revealed in sinners' cries
As by the good man's decent gradual death;
Do you not wonder oft and seek with me
What power hath brought this Lucifer so low
That every ditch bedaubs his brilliancy,
And foulest huts on him their shadow throw?
For this the bard invokes, in mournful rhyme,
The awful charity of death and time.

THE STRICKEN KING



T were a foolish king, indeed, to
show
A regal brow and sceptre to the
gaze

But let his robe be muddy-dragged below,
And think to rule respected all his days ;
For soon his court will scorn such monarchy
Nor call him king who is not wholly royal ;
His slaves will grin, ev'n ministers cease to be
Respectful subjects, in their heart disloyal.
Yet man is so, who doth the world o'ersway
And hold eternal kingdom of the deep,—
His own conceit doth steal respect away,
By birth a king, by act a chimney-sweep.

His sceptre would become him like a star,
If inward greed did not its glory mar.

Yet, longer dwelling in that ruined court
Where man, the stricken king, so ill doth reign,
I find his folly wiser than report
And his defilement daughter of his pain.
He's like a king who never knew repose
But lives in constant dread to be o'erthrown,
Buying a half-obedience from his foes,
Still half-a-king to them who would have none.
And so his robe is stained, his front dismayed,
His court a mock, himself but half a king ;

And so his magnanimity's arrayed
So foully-gowned, a self-impeaching thing.

And so his royalty might be a scorn,
If it were not too piteous and forlorn.

Himself his foe and bitter regicide ;
Himself the rebel risen in his state ;
Himself his spy and minister, to chide
Himself to wrong and nourish his own hate ;
Himself his fool that doth himself beguile ;
Himself his scullion, foul to that degree ;
Himself his beggar, skilled in tearful wile
Himself to sue in his necessity ;
Yet king withal, and proved by future act
When all that baser self he may resign,
Leagued with himself and firm in his own pact
To live a monarch, royal in his line !

A king withal, and nowise made more clear :
His clownish self his kingly self doth fear.

CHRISTI AMOR



ow strange my love, O Lord, for see,
I fight thee;
Thy word on every lip I do deny.
No form thou comest in but I shall
right thee,—

I shall not take Thee wholly lest I die.

Come thou in word or deed of men soever,
Be thou incarnate in my heart's best cry,
The strangeness of my love will leave off
never,—

I shall not take thee wholly lest I die.

Yet Lord I love thee; yea, Lord Christ, I love
thee!

I love thee ere the wounds I make are dry,
Nathless I hold the dripping scourge above
thee,

And shall not take thee wholly lest I die.

Nay, see how great my love! it will not alter
Not if the sun be withered in the sky.

All loves on earth but mine will fail and falter
But, Lord, I shall not take thee lest I die.

And still I must pursue where'er thou goest,
Yea, loving thee so much must crucify.
How strange the deepest love of men, thou
knowest.

I shall not take thee wholly lest I die!

“AS WHEN FROM OUT A HOME”



s when from out a home the mother
goes,
Forth-carried dead and given to the
earth ;
When sons and daughters, stricken in mid-
mirth,
Full sadly gaze upon each other's woes ;
And one tries sobbing comfort, but he knows
The house is dead forever,—room by room
Sealed on the joyous past, ev'n with the tomb
That silently upon her life doth close :
So with the man from whom stark thoughts
have ta'en
The presence and the parenthood of God.
However mild, however pure he be,
His mind is locked in loneliness and pain,
A ruined house.—An anxious orphan he,
And dreads the drear asylum of the sod.

MEMORABILIA

How hard it is to explain, in any way to bring back the charm of a person who leaves no adequate record.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.



EVER dig i' the changing mold
For their secret when they die,
Nor inquire them, silent-souled
In a mild, impersonal sky;

But, when they have parted, gaze
On these touched, familiar things—
There the passion of their days,
All their wistful secret, clings.

Voices, sterner than their own,
From their books and papers fall,
From the pipe, the tattered gown,
From the knapsack on the wall.

WAR AND PEACE



HE world has sown too long its fertile
mind in war

And raised its passions for an am-
buscade;

Our souls and bodies sicken of the common scar,
The mutual hurt, the mutual treason, made.

Now closer looking, see within each other's
eyes

One sorrow shining back, one need the same,—
Yea, all the necessary hate we recognize
From some eternal foe, not man, it came.

Oh, thrust the sword away, that hateful key of
hell!

We take a manlier weapon for our foe
And courage of a nobler kind to use it well,
Such monstrous dangers lurk where we must go.
The banner had its beauty? let it not be furled
But all one color, all one proud design,
Flaunt to our purer faith the union of this
world

When sun and sea have joined our battle line.

Our dream is brotherhood; we never prayed for
peace,

The idleness that slackens arm and brain;

For war, our war, begins when fratricide shall
cease,
And lust despair a victory so vain.
Then lest we drowse may drums in stormy pas-
sion roll
The joyous thrill of battle evermore:
The tiger-man we hate has taught our chas-
tened soul
Devotion to the death,—which is war!

TIGER



TIGER, jungle-laired, thee God created!

His hands thy regal limbs have fashioned,

Yet who so perfect hate impassioned
With all thy might and fearful beauty mated?

Was't God or jubilant, destroying devil
Has made my heart a jungle, frantic
With more than tiger's frenzied antic—
The sensual feast of skulls, the bloody revel?

Lord, Lord, the heart when tiger rageth
through it!

A garden gashed of all its lilies,
A gutted tomb where lethal chill is—
Canst Thou it sweeten, Lord, canst Thou renew it?

THE BEGINNING OF LAUGHTER



HERE was no laughter then,
But something unnamed, unspoken
Of tears that dripped an unfelt
course.

For it was evening, and the wolves
From far off, back, from mountains and the
trackless woods,
With thin and wavering-echoed cry and doleful
shriek and wail,
Lined round the thoughts of men, bounding
emotion with incessant fear.

There was no laughter then,
For suns marked out a waiting fang and bloody
mouth,
Morning brought the skulking wretch to light.
Stones crashed
From crag with bound on bound ;
Men sideways looked, and saw, and snarled,
And hungered on.
Openly a ripple pushed the stream
And big and black in deep, in shallow, lurked
The monster, waiting.
Aye, there was no laughter then.
Ever in, and round, from above the faces peered,
Each one fearful.

Nor was there height,—height of thought or
gaze.

Man crept on earth, a bent thing, never sky-
ward looking,—

Less, skyward thinking.

At last, one fortunate born,
Whiter skinned than his hairy fellows,—
Whiter skinned and deeper browed,—
Crept up to watch some star that mocked his
conception,

(Making a feeble wonder in his soul),
And creeping, found a crag that closed the val-
ley,—

A great rock.

There, all night long, he gazed upon that star,
This new-born child of thought,
Looked upward, looked out.

Dawn found him still awake,
His eyes open, but wider open the heavy-filmed
eyes of his soul,

His head reflectively rested upon his hands.

Light rolled down through the clefts, flooding
the valleys.

The watcher gazed where other valleys cleft
more hills beyond,

And how the river reappeared larger, farther
down.

So grew the world unto his sight.

He marked, as in another world,
The drear, hard habitation of the tribe.
Outstretched, his eager head
Peered down as to a game whose interest fills
the heart.

He marked the ant-like goings-out from caves,
Their swift, instinctive swerve.

He saw the tumult of foolish battles,
Seizures, thefts, hands uplift in hate.

He marked each rush, each leap from high,
And felt as in himself the crunch of bones.

He shuddered at the striped beast;

He saw the woman crouching still, immovable,
Her head low.

There were deaths and cries.

But he, with eagerness all new
At this strange scope and spectacle of life,
Followed the weak thread of being
Through all its windings; heard with new ears
the flaring cries.

Now in his heart he felt a stir
As when a seed bursts, or a tree
Leaps into springtime and the tension of
leaves,—

A stir within him, a growing, an increasing,
A waxing mightier and mightier.

So brooding he, the pioneer of the human soul,
The first pilot on the ocean of destiny,

Knew that the stir within him could not stay
But must break from its prison, as life breaks
 from the egg;
And rose, open-mouthed, facing the west, the
 huge sources of night,—
When, stretching his arms as he would fold
Then to his human heart all sorrows of men
Past, present, and to come soever,—
(A prehistoric pitier of men, the child-soul that
 with the generations
Grew into the stature of Christ),—
Poised his head higher, and facing the heavens
 full-eyed, square,—
The first man to question God,—
Laughed to himself!

Like to water running under the ground,
Past a bleak pit where a doomed man
Licks his hand for thirst; who hears the water
 flowing
But does not cry, and endures to the end of the
 bitter life:
So the laughter was in sound,
And like the water it flowed forth, and past,
 and departed,
And there was an end of it.

Then he, grown to the height of his being,
Shrunk down the backward slope of growth,

And bowed his head, and crept from the crag,
sorrowing.

But there was that in his eyes the old fear
Could never quench, nor the old animalism
Utterly win back ; which when his fellows saw
They stood in awe of him,—
Him, who had first laughed at the world's fear,
Him, the first poet.

THE POET



Is soul a hid desire obeys
Which, like daedalian wings,
Impels him from the prison-maze
Of customary things.

“I know not how or where,” he said,
“But from myself I fly
As leaves must when the tree is dead,
Wind-blown across the sky.

“When sorrow clogs my active mind
With dullness worse than death,
I leave this winter-self behind,—
Spent thoughts and laboring breath,—

“And rising from that barren home
In far, unconscious flight,
To planets of new joy I roam
And skies of more delight.

“But when I tire and sink again
Within myself,” he said,
“It seems as if this world of men
Had risen from the dead.”

THE HYPOCRITE



HEAVIER world than God's you
bear
Upon that misdevoted head;
Yet when unburdened, being
dead,
No god,—a pygmy,—totters there.

IDOLATOR



WANT Thy presence ever nigh,
Thy love, Thy beauty and
Thy grace;
Yet when I sought Thou wert
not by,

I prayed, but never saw Thy face.

Within my soul Thy glory burns
Serene, unchanging yet afar,
So bright its own thick shadow turns
Like chaos round a lonely star.

I asked of nature; everywhere
A footstep and a sign of Thee,
Alas, too grand,—not mine to dare
Omniscience and infinity!

A little image I have made,
Behold, dear God, a tiny thing,
And I have hoped (but half afraid)
Thou couldst approve its fashioning.

I hoped Thou would its form approve
And enter, as a temple fit,
Since Thou, so human in Thy love,
Might love the shape containing it.

They may have right,—I do not know,—
Who throne Thee in the solemn sky,
But oh, dear God, I love Thee so
I'd have Thee ever small, and nigh!

CRISIS



VER, ever the wind blows, storm or
peace ;
Rolls, rolls the ocean its eternal
tides ;

The constant sun returns ; each star abides
In heavens that change but never, never cease.
Only our mortal, loving race
Feels any reck for time and place.

Ever, ever the wind fares back and forth ;
Eternal rocks the sea-tide outward, in ;
The sun renews all kalends that have been ;
Restore the stars their cycles to the north.
Only our eager, hopeful eyes
Mark progress on the wheeling skies.

Ever, ever the wind its tireless flight
Urges along the ocean's wave-beat shore ;
The day receives and spends, like all before,
Its portion of the universal light.
Only our true, devoted breast
Divides the seasons, worst and best.

O wind, be favorable to my small bark ;
For my sake, ocean, lay your tempest-foam.
For me the last sun flickers ; nearing home,
Kind stars, direct my harbor through the dark.
Only within our lonely soul
God thrust a secret and a goal.

MASTER



WILL make me a master, I said,
And seize life where it is eager and
new,
Flaming from the Maker, blood
red.

Across the jungle I crept
Even to the tiger's cave, and slew
That beautiful body striped and sleek and
strong
While the spirit slept.
Folly! sobbed nature through her language-
winds,
Folly and wrong!
Go forth, return to man's own jungle of
minds ;
There, slaying the fierce desire
And striking dead the brutal thoughts, she said,
Take to yourself the tiger's primal fire,—
Live the Master's life, eager and new, blood
red!

PROMETHEAN



To fling off name, character and fate;
To stand still like a tree
The body all one conscious bloom,
Head high and stalwart arms out
straight

Capable to bear the fruits of life;
To run like a river
Undammed, rapid, sped by desire
For newer landscapes in the soul,
Feeling some premonition of the sea,—
A mad, exultant shiver,—
This is to catch again
A spark from the lost fire,
And know once more the mystery of men.

PILGRIMS



H, what's the toil of foot and hand
To walk, to touch, to hear, to see,—
That merely bears from land to land
This lethal flesh and bones of me?
Vain pilgrim, without shrine or goal,
Be still, like nature's patient clod.
Do thou advance, aspiring soul,
Through every clime and thought of God!

FREE CAPTAINS



E loose our sail to every gale
And never reef for night or
squall;
In spite of all
The storms that fly about the sky
And all the plunging breakers hurled
We ride the foam
That bears us home
Beyond the farthest corner of the world.

We give the slip to every ship
Whose skipper's paid to stay on board.
He can't afford
To point her nose where danger blows
But waits in harbor, safely furled,
And fears the foam
That bears us home
Beyond the farthest corner of the world.

We take the sea because 'tis free
Of settled towns and roads that bind.
Out sail, to find
Some jolly place, some lusty race
Who cut their sail but never furled;
Who rode the foam
That bears us home
Beyond the farthest corner of the world.

We fling our boast from coast to coast
For naught of war or trade we make,
But for the sake
Of the free soul and the glad goal
That shines where seas are maddest curled,—
To ride the foam
That bears us home
Beyond the farthest corner of the world!

THE EMPTY BOWL

- YOUTH What's the soul?
- AGE Empty bowl!
- POET Fill it full of stars and flowers,
 Fill it full of sun and showers,
 Beauty earth's and beauty sky's,—
 Fill it, ere the moment flies
 Which to none comes after!
- MOTHER Nay, not full! Leave many spaces
 For kind hearts and friendly faces,
 Children's warmth and women's
 graces
 Human pain and human laughter.
- POET Men are noblest when alone
 With the stars,—
- MOTHER When men have grown
 Beauty never can atone
 For the love of woman.
- PRIEST Not so weak, so human,
 Not so wanton-vain!
 Fill it not with earthly care
 Since delight will turn to pain.
 Leave the world's unseemly revel
 To the devil,—
 Naught has worth but vow and solemn
 prayer!
- CYNIC What's the cup devotion fills
 Or that silly passions brim
 Blindly-bubbling to the rim?

Fill your soul so fast, my master,
Death will empty it the faster,
Breaks each cup he does, and spills
Red wine, white wine in the dust,—
Spill it must!

YOUTH Vain the effort that would fill it?
 Let the Maker take
 What so soon will break!
 Wither, wither flowers,
 Men ungreeted pass,
 Idly fall the hours!
 'Tis a weak, a useless glass
 If I needs must spill it.

POET Beauty brings an hour's delight,
 Let no rapture pass untasted.

MOTHER I shall love with all my might
 Home and husband. 4

PRIEST Pray aright,
 All but faith is wasted.

YOUTH Oh, the yearning soul!
 Too, too fragile bowl
 Made for some immortal wine
 And a god's intoxication.
 I will ask the whole creation
 For a permanence divine.
 What I hope so purely
 Must be granted, surely!
 Why not fill our souls with God?

CYNIC Fool! Who—

GOD Wheeling star and sleeping clod,

Sunset I, and summer rains,
Children's voices, homes and household
care,
Friendship, virtue, silence, prayer.
Let your human souls with these be
filled.

When at last the wine is spilled
From the life-bowl broken,—

What remains?

ALL
GOD

I am there.

THE MATERIALISTIC SCIENTIST



WITH wondrous powers you make
intense
The ear to list, the eye to see,
Yet feel not in the elements
An unsubstantial Mystery,—
O modern wastrel, joylessly
Living and dying by the sense!

IMMORTAL



o much, no more, have I descried
The movings of the Master mind:
The blowing of a bournless wind,
The turning of a timeless tide;
And that the wind blows o'er the lea
To ripen stores of asphodel,
And that the tide turns to impel
Our blissful dead across the sea.

EPIGRAM



EAR not, for God has many a
world.

These lives now prisoned in dis-
tress

Await, like ships in harbor furled,
Winds of diviner happiness.

ORTHODOXY



H, let us, like the bitter dreg of wine
That's stood too long undrunken in
the bowl,
Spill out this barren love that once
divine

So vigorous brimmed the world's aspiring soul!
Man's not that beggar, sure, that he must drain
The acid vintage of a broken press,
Nor dull his heart with unconsoling pain,
That craves by nature joy and tenderness?
Ah no, but rather say you never loved
Nor knew, O world, the passion of delight,
Else you by such a cheat were never moved
But discontented, soon would set it right.
For he who truly loves will love again,
Though on the cross and scourged by jealous
men.

ELEGY



is agony upon him, he has passed
The lonely door of death,
Leaving the world his body and his
breath,
His reputation and his character.
With these he has no more concern at last.
The world must take what was the world's to
give;
Must take and use again
To house the lingering of another soul,
For he, the wanderer,
No longer fellow to the lives we live,
Has stumbled on and lost the world of men.
Oh he has fled
Beyond the limit of the sun,
Beyond the seasons where they roll,
Beyond the years: the last, remotest one
Shall reach him not, the unattainable dead!
And he is fugitive
Forever from that nature he had worn,
The world-wide searching eyes,
The world-deep loving heart,
The mind wherein were born
Thoughts of an infinite scope and enterprise.
These now are part

Of us, not him, and stay
Within our world, still subject to a power
Which, in the agony of one mad hour,
He learned to put away.

Against the darkened curtain of that doom
I see his life replayed
Vivid and stark, like sudden lightning made
Through tangled storm and gloom.
I see O God! who could not see before,
The desperate load he bore
Merely to live, to linger here awhile
A servant in the house of thought and sense.
A single glance, a movement slow, intense,
One tender smile,
Affirm the inward failure no one knew
Louder than Waterloo.
Failure? He felt it so
Whose spirit could not stay content with less
Than states of being joyous and sublime
We dare not term success;
Who longed to throw
A spiritual passion in each word
And wing our languid time
With instincts of forgotten loveliness.
Yet was he like a prisoner, deterred
By some too-ponderous chain
Within the dungeon of his physical pain.
His soul, for self too vast,

Fettered by secret tyrants in the blood,
Hated the personal mood
His languor fixed about it, and was strong
To name such living failure till the last.
On him, who felt each day
Some noble purpose gather all in vain,
Some aspiration hurried to its grave
He loved but could not save,—
Who called this failure,—nay,
On him the wrong!
He does not fail who brings
One desperate, purging grief to men;
Who, faithful to his agony, shows again
Our need of perfect things.

Nay, but in the moment's awful peace
That bore him forth
And gave his body to the jealous earth,
At last I know
Too, too irrevocably the dead
And O too far is fled
That one may so
Pity his pain or reverence his success.
But let this be
The play of little children, or the scheme
Of earth-bound, cunning minds, that raise
Vain trophies to a blatant victory;
Whose days
Are shut within this sensuous house; whose
dream

Deflowers with the winter of the world.
For he, still penitent
To that perfection earth can not contain
Nor thought and sense invent,
Descrying dimly through each failing nerve
Beauty he could not serve,
In brooding desperation, hurled
The pile of nature's prison all apart
And trod the fiery tyranny of pain
Into the dust death mingled with his own.

Roll on, O star implacable, and roll
To whatsoever good, O fatal time,
Your seasons may pretend!
For me these things have end.
The love that made us single, will and heart,
With him has passed sublime
The lonely door of death
Into its native world, my conscious soul;
And though your troubled tides upheave
Interminably, and make my breath
The common, desolate moan
Of stricken beast,
I stand released.
The very stab of pain whereby I grieve,
Wherethrough I die,
Gives 'surer, sterner strength that I may cry
Over *this* lethal world, O Elegy!

THE RETURN OF RELIGION

TO ABDUL BAHÁ



DORS from gardens deeply hid
Remote from spoiling change, and
tended long,
Odors and perfumes delicately
strong
Upon the winds have slid
Into our modern sense.
Oh subtle, oh intense
With more than balm, with healing for the
mind!
How shall we speak our gratitude to those
Whose hid, devoted garden grows
The flowers of faith, of innocence
And strews their virtue freely on the wind?

Deeper than sense and farther than our blood
These odors penetrate,
Which pierce within our soul's most secret mood
And change our fate;
Incorporate
Henceforth with all we feel and think and do,
Thereby with what we are.
Once more we feel an aspiration rise
From depths of our own nature to renew
Its marriage-vows with God,

To enter, bidden, His adorable skies
No longer hateful, alien or too far.
Once more we think, in rapture of new dream,
Of those forsaken visions prophesied ;
That glorious City long ago desried,
How long, alas, untrod !
And once again, with bolder hand and will,
With hearts fire-purified,
We turn us to the interrupted scheme,
Never, never contented now until
All men foregather to one holy hill.

But many peoples claim our gratitude
Whose lives release that essence we adore,
Contributive to our religious mood.
Not one tradition only, not one race—
No, all past time and every humble place
Which blindly groped apart
Unite at last, at last restore
Their scattered features to one perfect face,
Their sundered loves to one fraternal heart.
We could not spare
A single prophet, any votive fane,
One amulet or token, making plain
Our necessary, life-instinctive care
For worship and for prayer.
He is not jealous nor implacable
Who freely offered His divinity
In measure portioned to the savage soul ;

Who was the druid's tree,
Who was the voodoo's spell,
Who was the sun that made the Indian whole!

The prophets in one fellowship return,
Their holy sanctions bright upon them, each
Bearing a gift of wondrous act or speech,
Some fragment of God's personality
Whereby we learn
The nature He must be.
Adam returns who at the gates of time
Thrust back the sensuous beast
Trailing the dormant soul through jungle
slime ;
Moses, that ancient awe,
Father of social consciousness and law ;
Christ, whose tremendous heart
Broke to restore the world's exhausted blood ;
Buddha, God's answer to the groping East,
Whom seekers imitate ;
With him Mahomet, battling once apart,—
Authentic both
Yet revelations of the infinite mood
Our fathers, snug in one tradition, loathe,—
And nameless more, forgotten now, who give
Some else unknown authority to live,
Some path to man's else night-encompassed
fate.
Fearful of them no more

As knowing Whom they represent,
Nor jealous of their delegated power,
We take their gifts, their certitude and peace
Renewed like nature's primal element.

Aye, we increase!

All unexpended we, not old or worn
But vigorous with the glad intent of spring,
The world redated from new vision born
Which they, united, loved, could only bring.



JUL 21 1918

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 937 233 9

